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The dog's name is Lucky. He is a lemon-colored English pointer with a fine head and subtle signs of good, expensive breeding. But when a woman from the Animal Rescue Institute came across Lucky at a Sulphur, Okla. fair three weeks ago, this is what she saw—a pathetic, emaciated horror, cowering, hopeless and up for auction. The woman bought him for $3 plus a dollar for the chain.

Lucky has his counterparts all over the U.S. Unscrupulous dog "dealers," taking advantage of the growing demand for dogs for vital medical research, are running a lucrative and unsavory business. Laboratories now need almost two million dogs a year. To cash in on this need, the dealers rove the country paying a buck or two to anyone who comes forward with a dog, and no questions asked. Family pets, trained to obedience and easy to handle, are especially prized, and the Humane Society of the U.S. estimates that 50 percent of all missing pets have been stolen by "dognapers," who in turn sell them to the dealers. Some dealers keep big inventories of dogs in unspeakably filthy compounds that seem scarcely less appalling than the concentration camps of World War II. Many do not sell directly to labs but simply dispose of their packs at auction where the going rate is 30¢ a pound. Puppies, often drenched in their own vomit, sell for 10¢ apiece. Stirred by revelations to a House subcommittee of such outrages and prodded by the continuing raids on these camps by humane societies, Congress already has eight bills pending, any of which would outlaw these shameful conditions.

Pets for sale cheap—no questions asked

CONCENTRATION CAMPS FOR DOGS

Photographed by STAN WAYMAN

RAIDERS DISCOVER A DEN OF WOES

DEFIANT DEALER. Aroused by early-morning raid on his animal compound at White Hall, Md., Lester Brown confronts Frank McMahon, who represented the Humane Society.

NEW ARRIVAL. This woebegone springer spaniel was one of only a handful of dogs in Brown's inventory of over 100 animals that appeared to be fit. Obviously he had just got there.

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FEEBLE COLLIE. Too weak to crawl to the frozen entrails scattered in Mr. Brown's yard, this collie was not rescued. The humane society could fit only 28 of the worst cases in its truck.

CHAINED PUPPY. Skin and bones and not much else is all that is left of this young beagle, staked out in Brown's yard. Beagles are rated by most dog dealers as a "hot item."

CRAMMED CRATES. In a shed behind Brown's house, dogs, pigeons and other creatures were jammed into filthy coops. The only food in sight was the stale bread piled in a washtub.

CONTINUED 25

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DISMAL SIGHT. Some of the 103 dogs on the raided property stand chained to wooden boxes. The yard is a clutter of sheds, lumber and junked cars. In foreground are frozen entrails, the usual ration for the dogs.

FROZEN DOG. In the raid on Brown's compound the police found this female dog frozen inside a box.

HEADED FOR SHELTER. One of 28 sick dogs rescued in raid is hoisted by Mrs. Helen Crews of the Baltimore County Humane Society into a truck for trip to animal shelter.

THE GRISLY EVIDENCE

On a bright but cold morning, the raiding party of Maryland State Police and Humane Society agents swooped into Lester W. Brown's place in White Hall, Md., not far from Baltimore. Police and agents began moving about the cluttered property that was piled with boxes and junked cars and functioning as a concentration camp for dogs. One officer began a notebook of observations: "Indescribably filthy conditions . . . inhumane environment . . . dogs chained to small boxes, many too small to hold them . . . common framed pens covered with chicken wire . . . dogs have to lie in their own organic waste . . . far too many dogs to meet even the minimum standards of being humane or sanitary."

The raid was at the behest of the Humane Society of the United States, which, in its constant surveillance of places like Brown's around the country, had sent one of its agents to check conditions at Brown's twice within the past year. The agent posed as a dog buyer and got enough evidence to swear out the search warrant used in the raid.

The raiders heard dogs barking, but only a few were making the noise. Many of the dogs were able

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BRINGS 29 CHARGES OF CRUELTY

only to sit or lie down, immobilized by the cold, by sickness and disease and by inhumane treatment for how long nobody knows.

On Brown's back porch the police found 15 chicken crates piled in disarray. In the midst was a bucket of dirty water and an old galvanized tub partially filled with food that defied description but seemed to consist of dried bread and meal of some kind. Three of the crates were jammed full of pigeons; others contained raccoons, skunks, cats, a ground squirrel and a passel of puppies. In one crate were two large dogs that could neither stand up nor move because the crate was too small. When the dogs were removed and set on the ground, neither could walk.

Most of the state policemen who took part in the raid were hardened to almost anything from years of experience, but they spoke among themselves in terms of personal outrage, especially those who had pets of their own at home. The veterinarian who came along to identify sick dogs was infuriated by what he saw: a scrawny beagle clawing and chewing at one of the piles of frozen entrails that lay everywhere in Brown's yard. Another dog licking desperately at a dish of water that was frozen solid. Then Frank McMahon, Humane Society field director, lifted the burlap covering of a dog box and exclaimed, "Deader than hell!" Inside was a large hound frozen to death (*above*). They had to tear the box apart to get the dog out.

Soon two trucks from the Baltimore County Humane Society pulled up and began loading the 28 dogs that were most obviously sick. These were taken to the animal shelter. Left behind were some 75 dogs, their fate still up to Mr. Brown. The 71-year-old dog dealer was charged with 28 counts of cruelty, one for each of the sick dogs. And there was a 29th charge —for the dog that froze to death.

WARNING TO THIEVES. Angered by the disappearances of their family pets in Clarke County, Va., Mrs. William Mitchell and her neighbors put up signs to discourage thieves.

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THREE THAT MADE IT

TWICE STOLEN. Tiny is a pure-bred English setter belonging to G. R. Lloyd of Boyce, Va. One day last August, Lloyd found Tiny's chain cut in the backyard. When he heard the dog was at the local pound, he set out to reclaim her, only to be told she had been stolen again. The Animal Rescue League of Reading, Pa. traced her to the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md. They had purchased her from a Pennsylvania dealer.

MED SCHOOL ESCAPE. He has no fancy bloodlines, but to the Thomas Connollys of Newton, Mass. Lancer is the family pooch. The dog was picked up and impounded one day after delivering the Connolly children to school. After 10 days he was sold to Harvard Medical School, but during a transfer of quarters he chewed through his leash and escaped. He struck out for home, over 20 miles away—and made it. He was still wearing his Harvard Medical School tag (*above*) and the family let him keep it.

REPRIEVED PET. Reds is a year-old Irish setter who vanished one day from her Philadelphia neighborhood. She was sold to a hospital in New York which cooperates with humane societies seeking the return of stolen pets. A doctor spotted Reds as such a dog and called an animal rescue league into the case. Several people came to claim Reds, but when the Grill family of Philadelphia appeared, the dog went into a spasm of joy. So did six-year-old Kelly Ann.

SAFELY BACK HOME TO THEIR OWNERS